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February



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Chapter 1 by Ashley

The season of love comes. We get valentines. When kisses and hugs arrive. Sweet boxes of chocolate. Cards. The snow still comes. It this lovely holiday.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



This lovely, heterosexualized holiday. This holiday that has no room for girls like me.

I politely accept a Valentine's card from my mother, who has written me one ever since I was a child. Ever since I was the only kid in my kindergarten class who didn't get one. It's an old wound that I have long forgotten, but she treats it as if it were fresh every year when she hands me the specially made, sugary sweet card.

Some people might think that this is weird. But I think Valentine's could do with a little room-making for other types of love. Including the one that blossoms between mom and daughter when your bastard of a father walks out on the two of you.

"It's beautiful," I say, turning over the envelope in my hands. It shimmers from the sequins she has glued on, catching our ceiling lights and sending refraction across the room in little lines

"You really should open it," she says. As I do as she asks, careful to not damage the envelope,

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There's not a card inside. It's something else entirely.

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